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THE CIRCULATION OF

The Evening World

ON

FRIDAY, AUG. 23,

WAS PROBABLY

348,010

COPIES.

But even on days when there is no

event of extraordinary public interest

the EVENING WORLD sells a few

thousand more than on any other day.

170,370 Copies.

TWELVE!

The Whitechapel fiend has once more set

his hand to the bloody work begun

months ago. One more outcast has fallen

forfeit to his wrath. The manner of this

butchery, outdoing all its predecessors in

horror, shows that the slayer's rage increases

as he nears the promised end of his labor.

Three more remain to be done, and every

discrete creature in the London slums

trembles with fear that she may be the next.

The grimest feature of the frightful

series is the butcher's inexorable fidelity to

his word. He keeps it, and Great Britain is

powerless to hinder him. He has said fifteen

must fall. London believes they will.

THE HALF HAS NOT BEEN TOLD.

Judge WHITE, in a talk about reporters,

who he seems to consider omnipresent,

omnivorous, and void of the secretive faculty,

says:

"Why, just a little while ago I was sitting with

some friends where I thought we were alone,

when a reporter came in and found me sitting

in the corner of a saloon. I suppose he

will have that in the papers too. Oh, these

reporters will get everywhere.

Judge, you are a good fellow. There is

nothing wrong in your penchant for sitting

alone in the corner of a saloon. It is in-

digestible—very—but not wicked. And if it

were, there is no certainty the reporter who

saw you would publish the fact. Re-

porters have seen many men sitting in the

corners of saloons who would not care to

have people know it. And yet the horrible

secrets have been kept—and by reporters,

too!

No, Judge, if reporters should—as you pre-

tend they do, but know they do not—print

all they know or see or hear, there would be

an exodus of modern society into the deserts

and waste places of the earth, that would

resemble the departure of rats from the city

of Hamelin at the heels of the Pied Piper.

A CLUMSY FAKE.

The exposure of STEVE BRODIE's brazen,

contemptible Niagara "fake" has given his

name as fatal a tumble as the Falls would

have afforded him had he been a brave man

instead of a lying mountebank.

He ought to be hooted off the Bowers,

unless he will consent to go, accompanied by

a committee of honest men, and perform,

seriatim, in their presence the leaps he has

had the credit of making hitherto. No less

thorough restitution will convince his quon-

dam constituents that he possesses any ele-

ment of genuineness or honesty. As for the

rest of the world it has no use for him.

And the abettors of this deception, what

becomes of them in the eyes of all self-

respecting newspaper men. Does not a

share in Brodie's offense merit a share in his

limbo.

For shame, all of you.

WELCOME HOME, DOCTOR.

The New York Central Railroad men are

making ready to go down the bay and meet

Dr. CHAUNCEY DERWY, who is home-coming

from the City of New York. Here is a wel-

come a good part of Manhattan would join

in with good grace. There will be flags

flung out, if anybody says the word, to greet

an honest man, thoroughbred, thorough-

going American and consistent Christian

gentleman.

Good lor, CHAUNCEY! You and EDISON

are the best exhibits we had abroad, as

ALICE HAINES was the funniest. But you

are coming home opportunely. This Big

Four business needs you.

Now, gentlemen; long cheers, long drinks,

but no long speeches.

Hurrah for the "hired man."

It is a sorry sight for England, to see Aus-

tralia and Canada contending on her waters

for the rowing supremacy of the world. That

is one kind of wave that Britannia no longer

rules.

It is a wholesome spectacle, that of the rival

athletic associations dwelling together again

in unity. The backbiting and wrangling

and abuse is over, and there will be a manu-

lar love-feast at Travers Island next Satur-

day in the annual championship meeting that

bodes ill for England, Ireland, Scotland or

any other country that tries to deprive us of

the fun in struggles of swiftness, strength

or skill.

Now you are off!

THERE'S STILL A CHANCE.

Rascal Izzy, dapper and chipper and

cheeky, is at the bar of justice, looking in

the face of eight indictments. He wanted to be

a Napoleon. The original of that name died

in confinement. If all eight charges are

proven against this conscienceless young as-

pirant, he is apt to fulfill the Napoleonic ideal

in one regard at least.

All is not lost.

JUMP!

Come along, Giants. Don't be content

with easy victories. With a few of these tight

games and get up where you belong. The

time is ripe for it now. The leap is not a

long one. Gather yourselves and jump, all

at once.

HULL, of Georgia, the would-be deollet,

has succeeded in getting himself caught and

put under \$10,000 bonds to keep the peace.

His scampering up and down the country

and blowing about the fight was not in vain.

He is not to be blamed, maybe, from keeping

away as best he could from the woods where

PATTERSON, armed with a big pistol and a

newspaper reporter, was waiting to do polite

murder on him.

It seems as though Mr. CURRY VON DER

AUX, of St. Louis, had been biting off the

nose of the town he hails from for the pur-

pose of spitting it face. Maybe St. Louis

baseball enthusiasts will not thank him.

Surely, he will be made to pay with a deal

of discomfort for these schoolboy tantrums of

his.

The City Court Judges are after their col-

league, Mr. FIZENS, with a very sharp stick.

Yesterday they laid his case before Gov. HILL.

It is said Judge PRINCE will return in No-

vember. If he had delicate sensibilities his

resignation would precede him by about

three months.

The Grand Jury is still pottering away in

mystery with the Black case. But where is

HOENSTADT?

FANCIES.

Verily the way of the fakir is more rocky than

the bottom of Niagara falls.

When Marie Jansen took a header from her

horse at Winthrop did she instinctively say, "O

ho, mamma!" as she landed?

Produce Exchange members are in mourning.

The deaths of four members were posted yester-

day, and members are taxed \$12 a death.

James L. Barnhill, of Birmingham, Ala.,

dropped dead on Thursday night at the very

hour he was to have been married. He was only

seventy years old and had looked forward to a

long period of wedded bliss.

Hate of great heads all remind us,

If we choose the proper way.

With a head as big as they.

—Washington Critic.

A Chicago husband found his runaway wife

and her companion in St. Louis yesterday, and

on the feet of the latter a pair of his own slip-

pers on which his wife had embroidered "To

my dear John, I am gone by. Touched by

tender memories he forgave her and they went

joyfully home together.

Mr. John L. Sullivan thinks that New York

has not fairly treated him because his benefit

was not a success financially. That's nothing.

John; wait till you are Congressmen.

"Well," said the manager moodily, "there

aren't many people here, but I suppose we can

sell it. No doubt and by the way, I expect with a

talk drama and thrilling marine scenery."

What is to be expected?" inquired the stage

manager.

A light house. —Washington Capital.

Fifty people were seriously poisoned by eating

cheese at Belmont, O., on Saturday, making

the third lot poisoned in this way within a week.

One would think that Belmont folk might tem-

porarily curb this wild appetite for cheese.

Now only one triumph remains for Australia,

to find a fighter to knock out Sullivan.

A Connecticut bustle factory shut down last

Saturday, and 600 girls were thrown out of

employment. There is no longer any call for the

bustle. Oh, Mrs. Cleveland, why did you do it?

Goodness! Is Johnston still dry? There are

thirty-six grocers and fifty-one saloons in op-

eration there now.

OFF THE STAGE.

Mrs. Hermann, wife of the famous neo-

manor, is an inveterate theatre-goer. When

she is in the city she sees every theatrical novelty

that is offered to the public. Her husband is a

less ardent theatre-goer.

Mrs. D. P. Bowers has given up her hat and

has taken to hotel life again. She patronizes

the Sturtevant. Mrs. Bowers can be seen on

Broadway every morning. She takes her daily

constitutional alone.

Miss Isabelle Uquhart, of the Casino, never

attracts the least attention in the street. She

is always clad in the simplest of garbs. The time

is fast approaching when she can envelop her-

self in her favorite ulster.

Lord Brassey's London house is lighted by

electric lamps inclosed in sea shells of the

greatest beauty, whose transparency sheds a

glorious radiance over the whole apartment.

Rev. Herbert D. Ward and his wife (Elizabeth

Stuart Phelps) are to write in collaboration a

novel, the scenes of which are to be laid in the

time of Christ.

The grave of Daniel Webster is at Marshfield,

Mass., where the remains of his son Fletcher

lie with the great orator in the same tomb.

The widow of Fletcher Webster is still living,

but with her death the Webster family will be-

come extinct.

He Did.

[From the Sunday Courier.]

Miss Clara (entertaining a caller)—Bobby,

you mustn't play with Mr. Featherly's hat.

Bobby—Why not?

Miss Clara—You might injure it; and be-

sides, he will be angry if he finds it.

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